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## THE BLACKSMITH OF GRUNDERWALD.

*(From Sunday at Home).*

### CHAPTER I.

Travelling in the Tyrol was not an easy business in the year 1769. The country, which might be called an eastward wing of the Alps, and rivals Switzerland in its alternation of towering summit and deep valley, had few roads, and those it had were neither safe nor smooth; its towns, besides being few and far between, were generally small and poor, and their inns afforded but scanty accommodation to strangers. Yet the Tyrol was then, and had been for many an age, the highway of trade and travel between the Teutonic and the Latin race, and the connecting link of the Kaiser's empire, as it existed at the time, with one end on the German, and the other on the Italian soil. Gallant cavalcades escorting imperial viceroys to Milan, had wound through its valleys, powerful armies had descended from its heights, to crush insurrection in Lombard cities, or strengthen the hands of Imperial partisans, and Charles the fifth had fled through its mountain passes, pursued by his Protestant enemies to the very borders of Italy.

These days were done before the period of our story, the Lombard cities rested in tranquil bondage under the rule of Austria and the Church; Maria Theresa and her son Joseph jointly occupied the throne of the Kaisers. But the roads of the Tyrol were as bad as they had ever been; and one of the worst, though forming part of the beaten track to the Italian frontier, was that which led to the isolated village of Grunderwald.

The situation of that village was peculiar; a cleft in a great mountain side two thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the form of a deep dell. It was sheltered from mountain storms on the north and east by the pine forest that grew between it and the perpetual snow, but was open to the genial influences of the west and south. It was a rustic place of thatched cottages clustering round an old, but well-preserved church, and encircled by a broad belt of vineyards and cornfields. Its institutions consisted of a well, to which the women resorted for water and gossip, a green on which the young people played, a slow-going windmill, and a blacksmith's forge. Like most of the Tyrolese people, its inhabitants were of the German stock, a strong, active and hardy race, nestling in the mountain's breast: sickness seldom visited their homes. The soil of their dell was reckoned among the most fertile in the Alpine land, yet nowhere could one see more meagre crops or ill-cultivated fields, less-carefully dressed vineyards or more garden-ground running to waste than in the purlieus of Grunderwald. The roofs of its cottages were generally in want of thatch, the machinery of the draw-well, primitive at the best, was dangerously out of repair; broken-down fences, and hingeless gates were the prevailing fashion. The windmill looked as if it must give up work on some early day; and nothing about the village seemed in good order but the blacksmith's forge.

A short sojourn at Grunderwald would have made the cause of such general dilapidation evident to the least discerning mind.

In common with the majority of the Tyrolese, its inhabitants belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and they now had a high repute for piety throughout the mountain country, on account of their strict and abundant observance of saints' days. It was not always so. The number of the canonized had become so great in the progress of ages, that most of their days, and names too, had slipped out of memory among the industrious peasants and hardy hunters of the Tyrol: except the patron of a village or the guardian of a mineral spring from which cures might yet be expected, few of the calendar got any commemoration at all. And so it was in Grunderwald, till Father Felix came to reside there as the village priest.

He was a man devoted to the duties of his office, and the flock committed to his charge. He had nevertheless one spiritual hobby, to which the system he served under gave more than sufficient scope; his ideas of the honor and reverence due to those holy men and martyrs whom the Church had thought worthy of canonization, overpassed the bounds of his natural good sense and Christian prudence.

The zeal of Father Felix was not according to knowledge, but it was fervent, and brought about a new order of things in Grunderwald. The simple villagers were at first astonished to hear vigils and feasts, of which neither they nor their fathers had dreamed, announced from the altar, and their observance enjoined as the most solemn of Christian duties. Names of which they had never heard the sound were made known to them in the Father's sermons, with ample details of miracles performed and work, of abstinence or flagellation done by way of proving the saint's right to his day. The priest's eloquence and influence soon brought the saints into fashion; there was scarcely a week of which two or three days were not given up to martyrs, confessors, or holy hermits. The villagers had no objection to work on the Lord's Day; indeed the Sabbath rest had never been regarded among them, but on a saint's day nothing would tempt man, woman or child in Grunderwald to do any worldly work, or mind any terrestrial business, however needful. After the morning mass and its accompanying ceremonies, the young people played rustic games on the green or danced the hours away; the old smoked and gossiped in convenient places. There was a good deal of beer-drinking done, and the habits of idleness and time-spending thus acquired had an evil effect on the working days; everything that could be shirked or put aside, was allowed to be so, and the necessary consequences were, fields half cultivated, and buildings out of repair.

Thoughtful and intelligent peasants murmured among themselves at the sacrifice of time and the neglect of needful work occasioned by the observance of so many holidays, but nobody really ventured to question the propriety of the new institutions but Ludwig Estermann, the blacksmith of Grunderwald.

Ludwig lived in the freedom of a man who had neither kindred nor connections in the village, and could therefore speak his mind. His native place was on the Swiss frontier, and his sturdy frame and sober, resolute face belonged to the Swiss rather than the Tyrolese stock. He had come to Grunderwald with his wife and their only child, some fifteen years before Father Felix began what the priest called his reforms in the parish, and settled there, as the place was without a blacksmith. In the course of that time death had taken from him his faithful wife. His only child, a fair daughter named Margaret, had grown up to fill, in some degree, the place she left vacant in his heart and home.

The late device for honoring the saints went against his good sense and his conscientious convictions, and Ludwig did not hesitate to express his opinion on the subject.

"No doubt some of them were holy men and servants of God in their day," he said, "though we know nothing about the most of them, by reason of their times and countries being so far from ours; but can any rational man believe that either they or their blessed Master would have the time in which poor Christians ought to work for themselves and their families frittered away in long services and useless holidays?"

Many of the villagers said that "Estermann had the rights of it," yet next day left their ripe corn, or wind-stripped roofs, to crowd the church while mass was said in honor of some unknown saint, and squandered the succeeding hours in idleness or sport.

Many more disputed and grew angry with him, applying every ill name they could think of, from "Lutheran" downward, to the blacksmith, but it was all the same as far as he was concerned. While they kept the saints' days, he attended to the work of his forge or field, set things to rights that happened to get out of order about his premises, and so contrived to have the best kept and most comfortable home in Grunderwald.

The blacksmith's customers were many, but his returns were small, and there was a millstone hanging about Ludwig's neck, in the shape of a debt due to Adam Finkler, the richest man in the village. Some people said he was the oldest man, too, but all agreed that Adam was the best bargain-

maker; he had made a shrewd one with Ludwig Estermann, regarding the house which the latter occupied. Adam had sold, and Ludwig had bought it, on the agreement that the price was to be paid in annual instalments of fifty thalers each, to be duly deposited in Finkler's hand, on or before the feast of St. Martin; and if the purchaser failed to pay any one of these instalments within the stipulated time, the house should revert to its original owner, without any allowance for the payments formerly made, or the expense incurred by repairs or improvements. It was an unsafe contract for Estermann, but the house was cheap on the whole. It suited his necessities and had taken his fancy; his trade was good, fifty thalers could be easily saved in the course of a year, and old Finkler would sell on no other terms.

It was said that he had become the proprietor of many a village home by similar agreements; but prudent men will do imprudent things at times. Unwarned by that report, Ludwig accepted the conditions, and made the house his home.

Almost seven years has passed away since then. The greater part of the purchase-money was paid; the bare, scarcely finished building, of which Ludwig took possession, had become a pleasant dwelling-place as could be found in all the mountain country. Snug and warm in winter, fair and flowery in the summer time, passing strangers paused to admire its outward aspect, in such remarkable contrast to the rest of the village homes, and neighbors knew how bright and cheerful it was made within by Margaret Estermann.

Margaret spent a useful and contented life, though it was not expected to flow always in the same channel. Ernest Muller had been her father's apprentice ever since the Estermanns took possession of the purchased house. He was a neighbor's son, the eldest of a large family, and the help and hope of his parents.

Between him and Ludwig's daughter a mutual attachment had existed from their childhood, which increased with their years till the young people seemed to have but one heart and one mind. It was cordially approved of by the parents on both sides, especially Margaret's father, whose earthly hopes and aims were centred in the well-being of his only child.

"It will be a good dowry for my girl," he would say to himself when contemplating, with honest pride, the home which his own industrious hands and well-earned thalers had made of the purchased house; "she and Ernest Muller shall live here, with the Lord's blessing, a happy wedded life, and bring up their children to play about the arm-chair where I sit Grandfather Greybeard."

The best-founded hopes and most promising plans of men are doomed to disappointment at times, and so it was with the honest blacksmith in those days of our tale. Ludwig's hand did not lose its cunning in the forging of iron, but his trade fell rapidly away, the non-keeping of saints' days did it as much damage as their observance had done to village affairs in general. Ludwig's unpopularity was at its height, when a blacksmith from the neighborhood of Innspruck, partly in hopes of finding a better field, arrived and established himself in Grunderwald.

His first act was to publish a verbal manifesto in favor of the saints' days, in one of which he declared no money would induce him to lift a hammer, and that orthodox profession gave the finishing blow to Estermann's business.

Henceforth his forge was forsaken, while customers flocked to that of the new-comer, who was by no means so good a workman, and rather patronized on account of the saints, than employed for his skill. The most friendly of the neighbors advised Ludwig to recover his position among them by at once conforming to the established custom but his manly spirit spurned the thought of giving up declared convictions for the sake of trade and gain. He remained in his empty forge, framing curious specimens of iron-work, or teaching Ernest the most hidden secrets of his craft, as the youth's apprentice-time was now drawing near its end. So was the specified time approaching for paying the last instalment of Ludwig's debt to Adam Finkler; but with all his exertions and savings too, the blacksmith could not scrape together half the sum.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Temperance Department.

### JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

*(National Temperance Society, New York.)*

CHAPTER IV.—A RESOLUTION.

There was no more sleep for Ben White that night. He had entered that poor home in a merry mood, excited and exhilarated by battling with the storm. Full of health and prosperity, he had thought it a fine joke to rough it a little, and have a good story to tell about in the future. Ben called himself a Christian boy. He had never thought it possible he could be anything but a member of the church and a right-principled man. Now the awful reality of the truth of God came home to him with power. How would his life look when pictured before him at the last day? The hand of his Lord he had before taken as a right and natural thing; now, with new love, he grasped again that outstretched hand, and felt that only so could he be safe from destruction, and pass through this world of temptation to the rest above.

In Kate's prayer for her husband Ben had heartily joined. How he realized the power of that habit against which Harry Barber had so long struggled in vain!

Then and there Ben White made a resolution: Not a drop of anything intoxicating should ever again pass his lips. Wine he had occasionally taken at his father's table with older Christian friends. Henceforward he would not touch it, lest some one possessed of the demon should say: "It was with you I first learned to drink, and now I can not get free." How did he know that he was himself secure from temptation? There was but one absolutely safe path. He would have nothing to do with that which at the last could burn like a fire and sting like an adder.

Ben grew impatient for the morning light. There was work for him to do. He longed to be up and at it. This vacation, which Ben had meant to idle away, must be a busy time for him. Who could tell whether he should live till school began again, and what had he done for the Kingdom of his Redeemer? What had he done for his fellow-creatures, if he should suddenly be called to his account? What could he say of his stewardship? Fourteen years of health of body and mind in a Christian land, a luxurious home, and a full purse. What had he rendered to God for all his blessings?

Ben had had no mother to prompt him to a spiritual, Christian life, or to deeds of mercy and love. His father had been satisfied to know that Ben was what he called a "correct boy," a good scholar, and a merry, happy fellow, whom everybody loved.

His father was now away from home on a long journey, and Ben was quite the master of the house, as he was an only child, so he had not hesitated to spend the night as he could, to escape further buffeting of the storm.

As soon as it was light, Ben opened the outer door, and, fishing-rod in hand, he went out silently.

How delicious he found the fresh morning air! The three-mile walk was a mere pastime!

What a breakfast he made, and how he did wish "the giant" were beside him to enjoy the good-cheer with him!

Ben had not finished his comfortable meal, when the old housekeeper stepped into the room.

He had been ashamed to find that she had sat up all night for him. He had not once thought that any one could take any trouble about him. He felt himself so completely the master in his father's absence, he did not realize that to the old servants he was but a child, and a child left in their charge.

"Your father is at the door," said the housekeeper soberly; "shall I tell him about your not coming home last night?"

"I'll tell him myself. I am sorry, though, I gave you so much bother," said Ben, as he bounded to the door, to welcome his father home.

Mr. White was a quiet, reserved man, and Ben had never been very confidential with him. Now, however, the boy's heart was so full, that as soon as they were seated at table, he poured out the story of his last night's adventures.

Mr. White ate silently, but evidently listening with interest; as Ben described the tall, thin woman, the courageous "giant" and the empty larder, he looked into his father's cold, light-blue eyes. Could it be that they were full of tears?

Mr. White said nothing, took another muffin quietly, the eyes grew clearer, and Ben thought he must have been mistaken.

Ben found no difficulty in telling his story, until he came to the point where his own feelings had been so deeply roused; this he passed over shortly, simply saying:

"I never realized before what a miserable, useless life I have led. I trust I shall be forgiven, and helped to do better. But, father," he continued, "one thing I have resolved, that I will never drink a glass of wine again. It is not that I think my influence will be worth much, but I want that very little to be on the right side. And then, father, I might go wrong myself, who knows? Some of the boys no older than I am take too much for them. So you won't mind, father, if my glass stands empty?"

"No, child!" said Mr. White soberly; "no, child, but you shall never be tempted to break your resolution at my table, nor shall my example be in your way. At home, and everywhere, my glass shall stand empty too, from this day henceforward."

To Ben's surprise, his father rose hastily, kissed his forehead, and with a "God bless you, my boy," quitted the room.

In the boy's young face, touched with deep feeling, Mr. White had seen again the earnest, appealing expression of the wife, who had once softened his calm, cold nature, and prompted him to many a loving deed. She had been received "up higher," while her husband was left, in his speechless grief, shut out by his reserve, as by a strong wall, from human sympathy, and had little by little grown almost forgetful of that Divine love which can alone cheer and sustain. His Christian life had grown dull and formal: it was paralyzed, not dead.

Ben sat alone, in silent gratitude. He had but thought to make to his heavenly Father the poor offering of the influence of a penitent boy, and now he had the promise of his earthly father's sanction and help for the cause that was already dear to his heart.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE BOY WHO COULD SAY "NO."

"No!" Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis that could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the playground of the village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new comer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true, and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing at an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing an exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no,' I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you 'no,' to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He has some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained, that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is a sweet and often loving word. "No" is a strong, brave word, which has signalled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

### THE OPIUM VICTIM.

From Nankin Mrs. Adams writes:—A few weeks ago messengers came to our house asking that the foreign teacher would go and see a woman who was dying from opium poisoning. Mr. Adams and Mr. Tomalin took some medicine, and, after walking some distance, they reached a fine large house, evidently the residence of a person of some distinction. They were shown into a room filled with people talking, smoking, and drinking tea, and speculating upon the result of the foreigner's visit. The poor woman was in a death-like stupor, and, roused, complained of great pain at the heart and a weary desire for sleep. My husband gave her a strong emetic, which soon produced the desired effect. While watching the result of the treatment, the following story was told:—The husband of this poor woman had formerly held a lucrative and responsible position in a Mandarin Yamen, or court. While there he first tasted what the natives called "Western dirt." As long as he kept his situation his wife and family did not suffer, but he lost it as the opium obtained more complete mastery over him. He could get no other employment, though the taste grew daily. His poor wife did all she could to keep up appearance and provide food for her family by winding silk and weaving the satin for which Nankin is noted: portions of their house were let off till they had but one small room left to themselves. At last the bitterly cold winter set in, and the poor creature found herself without money, without food, without clothes, for those which should have protected them from the cold had long since been sold to buy the fatal drug, and yet the infatuated husband must have money to satisfy the cravings of appetite. At last the poor wife, in a fit of desperation, determined to put an end to the struggle by taking her life; and thus, ignorant of God, ignorant of the future, she was very near the unseen world, when it pleased God to restore her, as the remedies used were blessed to her recovery. The husband came afterward to hear the Gospel preached, and seemed very grateful. This is but a picture of what is occurring in thousands of families in this city, and in myriads of families in this empire.—*Word and Work.*

THAT WAS A stinging rebuke which a tobacco-chewing father received, when he heard that his young son had been begging licorice from the apothecary, and when asked why he wished to chew it, replied, "So I can spit black, like papa."

MRS. DURRANT, Secretary of the Working Women's Teetotal League, having completed 40 years of teetotalism, and her husband 36, they invited abstainers of 35 years' standing to tea at Mr. Varley's Tabernacle, Nottinghill. Nearly three hundred persons accepted the invitation, and the pleasant meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dawson Burns.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## A SERMON TO GIRLS.—DRESS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The subject of dress naturally and properly occupies an important place in the thoughts of women. Every young girl should have ideas about it—ideas which are her own, and which she has gained as the result of intelligent consideration of the theme. She should determine her dress from elevated and not from ignoble motives, and decide its cost, its, style, its beauty, and its harmony, with conscientious regard to her income, and her duties in life. It is perfectly right and womanly that we should care about it and devote to it a legitimate portion of decorous and reasonable attention.

A young lady needs, as a matter of course, what may be called her business dress, after that her every-day leisure dress, and last, her best dress, to be worn on state occasions, and laid aside that its freshness may be retained.

By a business dress I mean this, something strong and serviceable which you can wear engaged in the daily work, which every self-respecting girl finds to do. I am not writing for idlers, for I hold, as a part of religious duty, that no womanly girl, whatever her station, can be content to simply exist, helping, comforting, and blessing nobody in God's busy world. Some have one sort of work to do and some another. Mary may set the breakfast table, sweep the chambers, or dust the parlor. Eva may attend school. Florence may read the Bible or the newspaper to her father, whose sight begins to fail. Louisa may knead and bake the bread. Clara may stand behind the counter, measuring yards of ribbon and matching shades of silk for fastidious buyers. Eleanor may manage a kindergarten. Maria may be the gem of the family, sole daughter, in a great merry circle of boys. Each in her way and place has her vocation, just as much as if she had been called and set apart to it by an audible voice from heaven. And while I would not recommend that all these girls should dress after precisely the same pattern, because such a recommendation would be a very manifest absurdity, yet there may be a uniformity of tone, which suits the whole great sisterhood of nice girls, who are at this moment performing the various tasks alluded to above.

Your business dress should for one thing be short. It should clear not touch the ground. Nothing is less agreeable than to see a young woman stepping about upon her domestic errands, encumbered by a long trailing robe. Nothing is less appropriate than a garment, worn to market, or to the shop, which sweeps the ground and gathers to itself soil and stain at the contact. It should be, in summer, of calico, or muslin, or some cool, light material that will wash. A neat, well-fitting and tasteful print, that does not fade, is far more lady-like for common wear than a soiled and half-worn silk. In winter a dark, warm dress of gray, brown, or black, with a white apron, and clean collar and cuffs, is most convenient and economical for work and wear and hard service. The habit in some families of taking half-worn dresses, which in their time have been considered stylish, and wearing them to work in, encumbered with rags and tags, beads and bugles, yards of kilt-plaiting, and quantities of shabby ribbons and lace, is not in good taste. I do not think a thoroughly neat, refined woman would wear an old silk wrapper, or a loose cashmere morning dress, in her kitchen, when making pies was her business there.

But you have duties to the parlor as well as to the kitchen and the chamber; and it is poor management that keeps the housework around all day. In the afternoon when the morning duties are accomplished, or in the evening, when the day's work is done, put on your fresh pretty dress, as simple as you please, of whatever fashion you prefer, but significant of the fact that you have now reached the recreative part of the day. Dress for your friends and those around you.

How many girls linger at the mirrors, studying effects, trying now a pink tie, and now the white, and again the cardinal, anxious each time to look the very prettiest in the eyes that are not likely to be too critical. But to bid you dress in the afternoon, for your home folks: for father, who comes in at night so wearied and jaded, for mother, who so seldom gets anything new for herself, that you may have all the more for Brother Tom's or Sister Sarah's pleasure, is not superfluous. And it is not a bit wrong or sinful to dress a little for your own delight. God who makes the flowers so lovely, and sets them in so many varieties, and with so many delicate differences and variations of shape, of color, and of perfume, is not indifferent we may be sure to the beautiful. It is right for you to be as blossom-like and flower-like as you can be, and to enjoy being so while you are in the bloom and spring of your life.

When you receive an invitation to a party, the first question usually is, "What shall I wear?" Sometimes you decline pleasant invitations to houses, in which you would meet cultivated people and make pleasant acquaintances, because you have no great variety of dress. Sometimes you stay at home from church, because you have not what you want to wear, the new dress and the new bonnet not being ready on the day that fashion has decreed a change. "They," mysterious power, that we all feel, though none can exactly define who and where it is, "they" are wearing feathers now, and you have none; or wreaths, and you have only a single rosebud. Never stay at home from church for that reason, I beg. Think of the real meaning of worship, and of your own responsibility, and do not absent yourself from God's house because your gown and mantle are not *a la mode*.

But about entertainments and companies, let there be this to console you. People in general are not especially interested in you and your dress. They will like your youth, your enthusiasm, your fresh and eager enjoyment, but they will not care very much whether you are in tulle or tarletan, or satin or velvet. To say, like Flora McFlimsey, "I've nothing to wear," when you have even one presentable dress, is to act very foolishly. Wear one dress over and over; who will know or care, so long as you do not grossly violate the proprieties of the occasion? If you yourself tire of the monotony of your costume, you can vary it by altering trimmings a little; but, depend upon it, the friends you visit will not be impressed one way or the other by your garments, except as they convey the nameless aroma of grace and daintiness, which is the birthright of the real lady, wherever she may be and however she may be arrayed.

Your dress should be, to some degree, the expression of your own individuality. This it cannot be, if you are contented to be the slave of the dressmaker and the abject victim of every caprice of fashion. For the rest it should be faultlessly clean. Outer cleanliness is a sort of pledge of inner purity. It should be whole; nothing is more repulsive than a frayed and tattered gown. If you belong to the set of unfortunates who catch on every nail, and are always getting garments torn, learn to darn neatly, and make a point of doing it at once, after each catastrophe.

Don't despise what may be called the finishing off, the ruffles and cuffs and edges, which should always be immaculate. And once you are dressed to your own satisfaction, think no more about it.—*S. S. Times.*

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

When you receive an invitation from a friend to made a visit at a specified time, it is polite to answer it as promptly as possible, and to say distinctly whether or not you can accept the offered pleasure. Your friend may have others whom it is desirable to ask after you have been entertained. Be sure you state by what boat or train you will go, and your hour of leaving home, so that there will be no uncertainty about meeting you. When nothing is mentioned as to the duration of your visit, it is usual to asume that a week will be its sufficient period. Do not stay longer than that time, unless you are urged to do so. The most agreeable guest is the one who is regretted when he or she goes away. Always anticipate a good time, and be prepared to contribute your share to it. Be pleased with what is done for you, and express your pleasure. Do not be obtrusive in offering help to your host, but if an opportunity arises for you to give assistance, do not be afraid to embrace it. There are little helpful things which come in our way at home and abroad if we have eyes to see them. Charlie, dear boy, was at Tom's house not long ago, and happening to glance from the window he noticed Tom's mother struggling to open the gate with her hands full of parcels. He ran out at once, and relieved her of some of her bundles, held the gate open as she passed in, and closed it behind her. Helen, who is her mother's right hand when at home, is in request in her friends' houses, for somehow she scatters sunshine wherever she goes, she is so bright, so animated and cheery.

When visiting we ought to conform to the family ways. It is ill-bred to give trouble or cause annoyance. Harry's father and mother dislike extremely to have people late for meals. When the Lesters were staying there they seldom heard the breakfast bell, and never came home from an outing until dinner was almost finished. Harry said he could not help it, but reproof nevertheless came upon him. Boys should not go tearing wildly through a friend's house, nor, for that matter, through their own. Grown-up ladies and gentlemen have nerves which should be considered. Of course well-behaved young people will put away their outside wraps when in a strange house, and not leave overshoes in full sight in the passage, nor shawls, cloaks, hats and gloves lying loosely around the parlors. Young girls should be careful in their use of pretty things that adorn their chambers. Do not rumple that dainty lace pillow-sham, nor strew your clothing over every chair and sofa, to the irritation of the mistress. Do not follow your friend and host everywhere, but at the busy times of the day amuse yourselves with books or work, and remember to thank them, on leaving, for what they have done for you.—*Harper's Young People.*

## FOLDING HANDS.

I cannot conscientiously advise you never to sit with folded hands. A great deal of what John Wesley called the lust of finishing work is a sin. Rest is a Christian duty. Besides there is a kind of activity which amounts after all to what may be styled at best a busy idleness. Girls, you may be employed from morning till night, but if the employment leads to nothing, benefits neither yourself nor your homes, nor your inner or outer life, of what avail is your energy? Or, if you let your surplus animation flow into a channel of curiosity concerning other people's business, and so you become meddlesome and hypercritical in affairs that do not concern you nearly or remotely, might you not better lead a nun's life behind a cell door? Once in awhile be content to sit down and think. Cultivate the habit of thinking in a clear sustained way, on some subject which is higher than the trimming of a dress, or the shape of a bonnet. Give your friends the satisfaction occasionally of seeing you look as if life were not all work, but as if it had a margin, now and then, for leisure. I have sometimes wished that how to sit still might somehow become a compulsory part of the education of girls. If you think of it you will be surprised to see how few of your young friends have acquired the really elegant accomplishment of sitting quietly for any length of time. Even in church some people keep up a perpetual fidgeting and changing of place, which must disturb their own attention, as it does that of their neighbors. No human soul grows harmoniously, without time to consider its relations to the world around it, and to God. I hope you will always improve some time by daily meditation.—*Margaret Sangster.*

To Clean Floors.—If you have a painted floor, keep soap and soapsuds off it, for it spoils the brightness of the paint, makes it soft, and then it peels off, leaving the floor looking worse than if it had not been painted. If your floor has not been painted, keep soap off it, for it gives it a dirty, grimy look and keeps growing worse all the time. Just take clean hot water, put a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia into a three-gallon pail of water, stir it, and with a clean, long-handled mop rub the floor all over; then wipe it off with clean water. It will take a little while to get the gray out of the boards, but it will come out after a time and you will find it far easier to keep your floor white and nice than it was when cleaned with soap and suds."—*Woman's Journal.*

Tea Rolls.—The following will be found a good recipe for rolls: Two quarts of flour, into which rub a large spoonful of lard, one cup of cold boiled milk, one-quarter of a cup of sugar, one half-cup of yeast; make a hole in the flour; pour in the liquid and let it rise over night; in the morning knead, and let it rise until noon; then knead and roll out, cut out with a round cutter, and butter one-half; turn the other half over onto it, and let it rise until tea time; bake in a quick oven.

Chewing Milk.—Milk taken alone and quickly swallowed by a healthy adult coagulates in a dense, impenetrable curd. Held for a minute or two in a healthy mouth, and chewed, or mingled with saliva, it is found to coagulate in a soft, custard-like mass, which enables the gastric juice to readily penetrate and emulsify it. So says one of our medical exchanges. It is certainly worth trying, for it can't do any harm.

To Cook Onions.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. Chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew pan with a little cream, and let them stand about 15 minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they should be served up very hot.

## PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

I have nor shape, nor form, nor state,
Alack! I nothing have but weight;
Yet sometimes in fine clothes I swing,
Holding fast a precious thing.
At others hide me, cold and bare,
Deep in earth—pray leave me there.
Should I chance through air to fly
I might fright some passer by.
If they yet knock off my head,
Gentle and kind I'm heard instead;
If yet another head should go,
I still have one—pray leave it so.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. The cynic owl eyes all with distrust in day time.
2. Where the will is there is the way.
3. Where the leaves are dry, denizens of the forest repose.

REVERSIBLE WORD SQUARE.

Each word may be read four ways.
1. To cook; 2. A characteristic of the sea; 3. To prepare for publication; 4. Moistens.

DIAMOND.

1. In Philadelphia. 2. Laceration. 3. A bird. 4. Turning upon a pivot. 5. Small. 6. Denial. 7. In Philadelphia.

CURTAILMENTS.

Curtail to allure, have a species of salmon.
Curtail contempt, have to deceive.
Curtail an article of dress, have a blemish.

WORD SQUARE.

First a piece of ordnance formerly used for blowing up barricades and other defensive works. Second, a female name. Third, to feel a sharp, pricking sensation. Fourth, a state in Africa. Fifth, part of a printing-press. Sixth, having a melancholy appearance.

METAPLASM.

First I am one of Shakespeare's kings; change my head and have a highly-prized fruit; change again and have precious; again and have an animal; again and have to cauterize; again and have a boundary; another change and have one of the passions; again and have the use of one of the senses; again and have to consume slowly; again and have apparatus; again and have adjacent; again and have a drop of water; again and have part of a century; one more change—the fourteenth and last—and have the end, or hindmost.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF FEBRUARY 15.

*Charade.*—Rasp-berry.

*Transposition.*—Love thy neighbor as thyself.

*Rebus.*—The season is backward.

*Hour-Glass.*—

GLACIER
ETHER
MAR
R
ILL
BREED
FISSURE

*Charade.*—Peerless.

*Buried Cities.*—One in each line. Tyre, Leith, Pau, Derby, Waterloo, Rome, Lee, Ghent, Gath, Agra, Perth, Kew, Stoke, Sedan, Aden, Ayr.

## ONLY BUTTONS!

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

They were so much engrossed with each other, that Tom did not notice for some little time the shy, awkward figure, standing, half turned away, at the gate.

"Holloa, Jim! is that you?" said Tom. "Come on, old fellow, and sit down a bit with me."

Tom did not care for anything now he had got Buttons back; and he would, I believe, have blacked the boots of his worst enemy. But Jim still hesitated; he grew very red, and looked as if he would like to run away.

In the first place, he was shocked to see how pale and ill Tom looked, for he had no idea that he had been ill even; and then he knew he had done him a great injury. So altogether, Jim looked unhappy and ashamed, and sat down beside Tom very reluctantly, turning his face away.

At last it all came out. With red, burning cheeks, and a broken voice, Jim told Tom the whole story; how he had been tempted to steal the dog and get the sovereign; how he had fought against the temptation day after day and night after night, till it seemed to tear him in pieces, and he could hold out no longer. He told Tom exactly how he had got hold of Buttons, how he had put him in the bag, how nearly he had run back from Major Browne's lodge-gate: and somehow, when he had once begun to tell the story, it seemed easy to go on.

Then he related his adventures in Bristol; how he had tried to get work at one place after another; how every one told him he was too small and weak-looking to be of any use, besides knowing nothing; and how quickly his sovereign had melted away.

But he said as little as possible about this, and Tom could see by Jim's worn-out clothes, and pinched haggard look, that he had passed a very wretched time of it. But by dint of great saving and scraping, hard work, and little, if any, food, he got together a sovereign, and walked all the way back to Melcombe, nearly twenty miles.

There he saw Major Browne, who had, fortunately, just returned home, and Jim screwed up his courage and told him the whole story, and gave him the sovereign, begging him to let him take the little dog back to his own master.

"That you certainly shall do," said Major Browne, "for the dog has never been happy with me. I am sure," he added, laughing, "if you were to take off your coat you would fall to pieces."

Jim smiled, too. He was very, very tired; but he did not mind that, now he had confessed everything. It was the great burden of sin lying on his mind that had worn and wearied him more than anything; now that was removed, he began to feel less tired.

"By-the-by, Jim," said Tom, "I have got your blackbird. Susie brought it me to take care of for you, and I can't tell you what a friend he has been to me."

Jim flushed up and said quickly, "Did Susie tell you, then, that I had gone away?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Did she tell you the very day I left home?" Jim went on eagerly, almost under his breath.

"Yes, she did," answered Tom.

"Then, Tom," he said, seizing him by the arm, "you *must* have guessed about your dog; you *must* have thought it was I that stole Buttons; you must have known I was the thief!" he added slowly, letting the word fall as if it were burning him.

Tom remained silent—it seemed to Jim for a long time; then, with an effort, Tom answered,—

"YOU'VE HAD A MUCH WORSE TIME OF IT."

"Yes, Jim, I did think it might be you; but I tried to put the thought out of my head."

"Tom, you are a good fellow! And do you mean to say you never told any one what you thought about me?" And seeing Tom shake his head, Jim seized both his hands, and with tears in his eyes he said,—

"Tom, I can never repay you for all this kindness!"

Those words were a sufficient reward to Tom for having fought and conquered the suspicion that had crept into his mind.

From that day to this those two lads were inseparable, and the influence each has had on the other has been of good to both of them.

E. P.

## HIDE-AND-SEEK.

It was drawing-room "Hide-and-Seek, at which the children were playing; that is to say, the object for hiding was a *thing*, not a *person*; and a *small* thing, moreover, suited to the size of an ordinary parlor.

Every one knows the nooks and corners in such are not like the nooks and corners in a wide range of fields, and gardens, and out-buildings.

Under the corner of the hearth-rug, or table-cloth, or among the folds of a curtain, is a capital hiding-place for a thimble or purse, but would scarcely conceal anything much larger, to say nothing of the person of a little boy or girl.

The party—the party engaged in the game, I mean, for we will not count the father, mother, and grown-up sister, sitting by—consisted of three children: Frank, about seven; Freddy, nearly six; and Annie, only just four.

They had come down from the nursery after the late dinner, and, providing they were good, might amuse themselves as they liked till bedtime. And they were good—for the present, at any rate; but then nothing had happened to vex any of them. They took it by turns to hide, the others shutting their eyes and covering their faces so as not to see. Each one had played fairly, and there had been no dispute.

"Oh, here comes Nellie!" they cried out together, as nurse opened the door, and the youngest child of the house toddled in—a wee, dimpled little child not yet three years old. She was all undressed, ready for bed, and wore over her night-clothes a long dressing-gown, over which fell the fair, silky curls, and, altogether, a prettier picture could hardly be seen.

"Let me hide," said the child, holding out a chubby hand for the purse.

"Wait for your turn. We go in ages; and it is me now," reasoned Freddy.

"No, me! I want to!" was the baby answer.

"Yes, let her; she is such a little thing," said the mother.

Freddy was good-natured, and gave in at once, running with the others to the sofa, where a row of little faces were soon hidden

Meanwhile Nelly walked about on tip-toe, uncertain where to hide the purse.

"Here!" whispered sister Jane, finding a nice little snug hole in her work-basket.

"Ready!" called out Nelly in triumph, feeling that a very secret place had been chosen.

The three seekers were all up and about in an moment, but no one had ventured hitherto to interfere with Jane's work, so it was a long time before the corner in the basket was searched and the purse brought out.

"Now it's me!" cried Amy.

"No, it's me!" said Freddy.

"Yes; it is certainly Freddy's turn," decided the mother; "he gave up, you know, to Baby, because she's so small. You must let him hide now."

It was more than poor Amy could bear, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"That is naughty," said mother. "It is only waiting just for once, and then your turn will come. Now, hide your face on my knee, and don't cry, dear."

But Amy could not so easily get over her trouble, and she still pouted and sobbed.

"Well, then, you must go up to the nursery and let the others play without you." And mother led the little girl out of the room.

"Cuckoo!" cried out Freddy, who had chosen his hiding-place for himself.

"Let us call at the door that Amy may come back," kindly suggested Frank.

So the boys ran and called, "Hide! hide! hide!" and presently little Amy came back, clinging to mother's gown, and rather tearful still, but ready to be coaxed by her brothers into helping in the search, and very soon gaining back her smiles.

"She is little, too," whispered Frank, spying the purse under father's newspaper, "so I will let her find it." "Am I hot or cold?" he asked roguishly. And as Freddy cried "Hot! hot! burning hot!" Amy made a dart toward the heated spot and pounced upon the hidden treasure. She clapped her hands in delight, and Frank was fully rewarded for his kind action.

"Now me!" she said, with the brightest of bright faces. "Shut your eyes, every one of you, while I find a place."

The eyes were obediently shut, and then Amy appealed to father for advice. Great was her delight when he slipped the purse into her own little pocket, and loud her cry of "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" as she slipped away to the other end of the room.

"You'll never find it this time," said father.

And they never did. Search as they might, it never once occurred to any of the three seekers that a possible hiding-place could be on Amy's own little person. And yet the pocket was so small that it scarcely hid the green leather; only, as we all know, we generally find where we look. So Amy asked at last, "Do you all give up?" and as they all *did* give up, it was, according to the laws of the game, her turn to hide once more.

This was a great piece of good fortune which Amy was about to seize, when her mother gently said,—

"Can't you be generous, like Freddy, and give up to Baby; because she is so little, you know?"

It certainly was a trial, and the child hesitated a moment.

"It is nice to give up," went on mother. "Jesus gave up all sorts of good things to make little children happy. You would like to grow like Him, I am sure."

This was just the right appeal. Amy loved to hear about Jesus, and how He was kind to every one; she felt that nothing could be so nice as to be something like Him. So she yielded now, with a perfect grace.

If we all learn the same lesson from my little story of "Hide-and Seek," it will be one more help come to us from *Sunday*.

## THE KIND BROWN DOG.

A SETTLER'S STORY.

In the wilds of Canada, where the settlers' wooden huts lie many miles apart, and the ground is covered with thick forests, a little boy went astray one autumn day.

He meant only to pick berries close to home; but he sauntered on and on, picking and eating, and finding each bush more heavily laden with fruit than the last, till evening came, and his little head grew puzzled. Was home up here or down there? through that tangle of briers, or past that clump of pines?

Alas! there were so many briers and trees, all nearly alike. The poor little man tried this way and that, but home came no nearer. He was indeed lost.

Meantime the father and mother in the wooden hut began to grow alarmed, searching the woods and beating the bushes, and crying for Johnny everywhere. And by-and-by the far-away neighbors came to help, and the little frightened company searched all night, and the next day, and the day after that, and for three, four, five, six days after, but still there was no Johnny. And then every one, except the father and mother, shook their heads, and would have given up the search. But the poor parents went on, searching with their worn-out eyes, calling with their tired voices, groping under tangled bushes, prying into hollow trees. Johnny must be found. And he was found.

On the seventh day the father rested a moment by a grim old fallen tree. Did it seem to stir in its hollow depths? He peered into the hole trembling, and then put in his hand. It rested on Johnny—warm, breathing, but very weak—only just alive.

They drew him out, gave him milk, and carried him home. By-and-by he was stronger, and could answer their questions.

What had he lived on all those seven long days? Berries—always berries. But how had he kept warm in the frosty autumn nights? Oh, he had slept in the tree, and a kind dog had kept him warm by lying near him; a brown dog, a big dog.

The neighbors looked at each other; the father looked at the mother: they all knew every dog in the neighborhood. There were very few, and all had masters. Not one dog answered to this description; not one settler owned a big brown dog, or had missed one in all that long anxious week.

The hollow tree where Johnny had lain with his warm bedfellow all those seven nights was then carefully inspected, and the conclusion arrived at as certain, that a kindly bear had allowed the little man to share his lair.

This was the big brown dog which had warmed and cherished lost Johnny! The mother shuddered as she clasped her little boy in her arms, and shut him closely in the wooden hut, for bears in Canada, or indeed anywhere else, are not safe bedfellows, and the big brown dog might have turned on her little Johnny and made a breakfast of him.

But God willed it otherwise—willed that the fierce beast should lie peacefully by the little child—a great, soft blanket, to keep the feeble life in him.

Johnny grew up a strong, lusty settler, a backwoodsman able to tell many a stirring tale of settler life. But his children cared for nothing so much as to hear from father in the winter's evenings the story of the kind brown dog.—*Sunday*.

## AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Mr. Benjamin Needham has settled down among the North American Indians of the Ohswekken Reserve, in the county of Brant, Ontario, Canada. He seems happy in his work among them, and does not regret that he has turned away from evangelizing among his Christian fellow-countrymen for their sakes. There are six of the Indian nations represented on this reserve, including the Mohawks, the Cayugas, the Onondagas, and the Tuscaroras; his interpreter speaks all those languages, but being a self-supporting helper, cannot give his whole time to evangelizing. Mr. Needham writes: "If some friend would enable me to pay him a salary, how profitably I could employ his *whole* time, visiting the tribes, attending their feasts, &c.; we could do a good work. Much prayer and sympathy are due to those poor, lost, trampled people!" Our brother is living in a little room, 6 ft. by 12 ft., given him by an Indian, who also feeds him for two dollars a week. He is content among these "men of low estate," and only longing for more means that he may benefit them the more effectually. He wishes to go with his interpreter to visit the Indians of the prairies, and to establish schools among them. We shall gladly be the channel of forwarding assistance for this mission to the Red Indians, to our brother Needham, who is carrying it on in simple faith in God, and on his own responsibility, in obedience to the command, "Preach the glad tidings to every creature."

## A BIBLE-GENTLEMAN.

It was a hot July morning, and old Mrs. Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to the Rectory, thought her basket seemed heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the son of the village doctor, overtook her half-way up the hill.

"Why, mother," said he, "that's more than you can manage! Let me have one handle, and then we'll trot it up easily enough."

Away they went, Johnnie chatting gaily, and the old woman's face beaming with gratitude and pleasure.

"The idea!" said Fanny Leigh, who came down the lane just in time to see her brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the Rectory gate. 'You are a *gentleman*, Johnnie! Supposing Lady Blake had met you carrying a clothes-basket! How could you do it?"

Johnnie whistled.

"A gentleman! Of course I am. I am a Bible-gentleman, like father."

Fanny looked puzzled, so Johnnie explained.

"Father said that a Bible-gentleman is *always* civil to poor people as well as rich ones; and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my "neighbor" just as much as lady Blake."—*Sunday*.

## THE KING AND THE SERVANT.

When George III., King of England, was sitting alone one day in his palace-library, he rang the bell for coals. A page who came, as soon as he heard it was coals that was required, rang the bell himself. The King asked him why, when he replied it was for the old footman, whose duty it was to attend the fires. The King immediately got up, and put the coals on himself.

"There, sir," said his Majesty, giving the page the coal-scuttle; "never ask an old man to do what you are better able to do yourself."

KEEP your ears open to all that is worth hearing, and closed to all that is not.

## The Family Circle.

### TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and sighed to answer,
"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,
"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered,
"Yes, in Heaven!"

### A "OFFSCOURING."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Well, yes, ma'am, I *have* stole!"

"Why, John!"

"You asked me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I asked you!" the mission teacher replied, a sad, almost disgusted expression on her sweet, young face.

"What did you ask me for, if you didn't want me to tell you? I could 'a' lied!" the boy went on in a stolid sort of a way, and yet with a ring of feeling in his voice.

"No, you couldn't, Johnny," the teacher answered with a smile, "because you promised, you remember, that you would always tell the truth to me."

"Well, I didn't go back on it, did I?"

"No, Johnny. Have you any objection to telling me how often you have taken things that didn't belong to you?"

"Mebbe I couldn't remember them all," the boy replied, "but I never lifted anything very partikeler. Once when the old woman where I hang out got sick, and cried a blue streak for oranges, and nobody had any money to get 'm, I asked the old cove that kept the grocery store to trust me for a couple till the next day. He wouldn't do it, and that night I stole six from him."

"Why, Johnny!"

"Why didn't he let me have 'em, then?" the boy went on doggedly. "I'd 'a' paid him, 'cause I said I would. Anyhow the old woman got well off them oranges."

"Then you are not sorry you took them?" the teacher enquired.

"Well, the old woman had to have them oranges, and somebody had to get 'em for her."

The teacher's face was very grave, and as her companion looked up he saw the tears in her eyes, a sight which had a curious effect upon him.

"Don't make me tell you any more, please, ma'am," he said, drooping his eyes, while his face flushed scarlet, "I ain't nothing but a offscouring anyhow, and it ain't no go to fret about what I do. I was kinder dragged into this place, else I'd never a bothered you."

"What name did you call yourself?" the teacher enquired. "I didn't understand you."

"Granny Leeds always said I was a offscouring, and so I am."

"What is an offscouring, John?"

"Oh! the leavin's of something that ain't no good."

"Granny Leeds, as you call her, was very much mistaken, and you are very much mistaken about yourself, Johnny," the teacher replied. "You are not an offscouring, but God's own child, and he is giving you a chance to make something of yourself. How much do you think the things are worth that you have taken, in all, Johnny?"

"Them oranges was worth four cents apiece when I took 'em: that's twenty-four; and then two loaves of bread I lifted for two fellows that froze their feet last winter, and a mackerel to make the bread go down. It's awful tough to eat bread without nothing with it: and then a base-ball that was worth fifty cents, and all them things would make near hand to a dollar. I don't remember anything else now."

"Well, John, I shall give you a dollar, and I want you to go to those places and pay for all those things."

"Then I'll have to own up," the boy interrupted, in his bewilderment relapsing at once into slang.

"Wouldn't you feel better to confess, Johnny?" the young lady enquired, not a little troubled at the effect of her words. For a moment the boy seemed lost in thought, and then lifting a frank face to his companion said, "I ain't never felt partikeler bad about any of them things 'cept the base-ball, and that I could 'a' done without, but if you say so, Miss Lee, I'll give the whole thing away: only as I ain't lifted anything lately, and don't never mean to again, they would always suspicion me, and make me out a thief when I ain't no such thing. Don't you think 'twould do, ma'am, if I dropped the money in them places so they'd be sure to find it? If you don't think so I'll blow the whole thing, if it takes me to the Island."

"What will you do, Johnny, if somebody needs bread and oranges, and you haven't any money to buy them with?"

"That's a sticker, ma'am. I dunno."

"And it wouldn't be strange if something of that kind were to happen any day?"

"No, ma'am. There's something putty gen'rally to pay with the folks I know."

"Well, Johnny, I will tell you what to do," the teacher replied. "Here is my card, and when any of your acquaintances are in trouble I wish you would come directly to me; and if anything is amiss with you at any time be sure and send a messenger. You had better come up to-morrow, anyway, Johnny, for I want to give you some warm clothes, and then it will be easy for you to find the place the next time."

Johnny hung his head. This kindness had overpowered him, and not a word could he speak.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Johnny," the tender-hearted teacher hurried to say. "You are willing I should help you, are you not?"

"I guess you had better let me git, now, Miss Lee," the boy replied, huskily. "You could knock me down with a eye-winker. You needn't worry about my remembering all you've said; but just now I'm all broke up."

"And I can trust you, Johnny?" the lady enquired.

"It is a go, ma'am," the boy answered, simply.

Miss Lee tucked a dollar bill in his hand, and Johnny hurried out of the building.

It took considerable tact and skill, as well as time, for the boy to satisfactorily manage the business which his teacher had provided the money for. For instance, the grocer from whom he had "lifted" the oranges had sold out to another man, and Johnny was obliged to hunt him up. He was at last found, poor and ill, and the boy without a moment's hesitation confessed the theft and produced the money. "I guess I can make it thirty cents," he said, "and that'll be a little interest. If I wouldn't like to give you five dollars then you may shoot me for a crow."

The ex-grocer was so surprised at Johnny's confession and subsequent generosity that he shook the boy's hand heartily and invited him to step in again soon, which the lad promised as heartily to do.

By nightfall these "back debts," as Johnny naively called them, were all settled, and then, after a scanty meal, the boy started out with his evening papers. About a quarter to eight he had sold out, and then, as fast as his fleet feet would carry him, he hurried to the neighborhood of the Academy of Music to watch the people go into the building. It was opera night, and this was one of Johnny's greatest pleasures; and so with his back to the lamp-post, he gave himself up to the delight of watching the gay throng. Johnny wondered what it would be like to drive round in luxurious carriages and have plenty of money to spend on fine clothes. He thought of the bread and herring he had eaten for his supper, and tried to imagine what it would be like to have turkey and cranberry sauce every day. Every Christmas Johnny had turkey and cranberry sauce for his dinner, and he knew from experience how nice they were. He had once ridden in an ambulance with a friend of his—a newsboy—who had been run over by an express waggon, and this was his nearest approach to a carriage ride that Johnny had ever enjoyed. He wondered, as he watched these happy, gayly dressed people, why it was that some people had all they wanted while others were cold and hungry, and sometimes starved to death. This was not the first time that Johnny had been perplexed with such thoughts, but they had never made him feel quite so uncomfortable as on this occasion. He called to mind the warm underclothing and tidy jacket and pants which Miss Lee had given him that day, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that there was one person in the world who cared for him.

There had been a heavy fall of snow that day, and as Johnny, still absorbed with his thoughts, started to cross the street he saw something sparkle in the snow at the side of the crossing. There had been a rush of carriages, and a few had not been able to pull up at the curb. As he picked it up he saw that it was an ornament in the shape of a cross, and studded with diamonds.

Johnny knew they were "shiners," as he called them, as soon as he looked at them, so with his heart in his throat he tucked the precious jewel in his pocket, still holding it firmly in his hand. Johnny's ambition had been to start a coffee and cake establishment where newsboys could be entertained at low rates. For more than a year he had nursed this object, and here was a chance to carry it into execution. There were nine stones in the cross. Disposing of one at a time so as to avoid suspicion, there was money enough to last him "for years and years" he told himself. It puzzled him to know where he could keep the shiners, for there wasn't a soul among his acquaintances whom he dare trust with the secret. Not until he had crept into his poverty-stricken bed, with his treasure carefully hidden among the straw, did the thought occur that he ought to try and find an owner for it. Then followed a hard battle between the natural honesty of the lad and his very natural desire for creature comforts. The person who could wear a gold thing like that "chock full of shiners," he said to himself, "must have money enough to buy more shiners." Here he was, cold and hungry half the time, with no prospect before him but to be always hungry, if not always cold; and here were these "shiners" which would set him up in business and give him a chance to help the boys. Johnny honestly wanted to help the boys. Why should he find the owner of this cross when he had nothing and the owner had everything? This fight continued until it was time for the lad to start out for his morning papers. All through the busiest part of the forenoon the battle still raged, and the newsboy's thoughts were so occupied with his new-found riches that he almost forgot to attend to his customers. About half-past ten, as he crossed City Hall Park, he noticed a gentleman in earnest conversation with another gentleman, and as he passed he heard the words "diamond cross" spoken. Johnny slackened his pace and listened.

"The diamonds were all of the first water," the gentleman said. "It was a present to my wife from her father, and she is terribly cut up at the loss. I don't suppose we shall ever find it."

"You will advertise it, won't you?" his companion enquired.

"Oh, of course," the gentleman replied, "but more than likely it has fallen into dishonest hands, and unless the reward is made equal to the value of the diamonds we shall probably never see them."

When the gentlemen separated, the one who was interested in the diamonds entered the City Hall, and after a little enquiry Johnny discovered that this gentleman held a very honorable office in the city department. After finding this out the lad took a turn round the Park to think it over again.

"Granny Leeds said I was a offscouring, and Miss Lee says I ain't," he argued to himself. "If I keep these shiners Granny'll be right and Miss Lee'll be wrong. She said the Lord was giving me a chance to make something of myself. Well, now, the question is, am I or am I not a offscouring? If I keep these shiners I am, if I give them up I ain't. Well, I ain't!" and with these words on his lips Johnny started for the gentleman's office. Nothing daunted, he entered, and presented himself at the desk.

"Some of your folks have lost something, ain't they?" he asked.

"They have," said the gentleman.

"Will yer honor tell me what it is like?"

"It is a gold cross set with diamonds," and the gentleman described the relative position of the stones. It was lost either in the Academy of Music last night, or on the way to or from that place."

Johnny's coat was off in a twinkling, and with a rip at the stitches which confined his treasure he took it out and put on his coat again. "I s'pose this is it," he said handing it to the gentleman. "I wanted to keep them shiners awful bad," he continued. "They'd 'a' set me up in business, them shiners would, but you see I couldn't get to be such a offscouring as that, though I have been trying to be a thief all night long. If I was your folks," he went on, "I'd get a stronger string to hold them shiners, for fear they'd be gone for good and all next time."

"What is your name?" the gentleman enquired, as the lad, with his cap in his hand, stood modestly before him.

"John Resney," the boy replied.

"Have you a father and mother?" was the next question.

"Nobody, yer honor, but myself."

"Which would you prefer to do, Johnny," the gentleman next enquired; "go into business or go to school?"

"Why, I would rather go to school, ten to one," said Johnny, "but there ain't no show for that."

"We will see," said the gentleman. "Will you come into my office, Johnny, until I see what is best to be done?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny replied, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she thinks of you."

"All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now, yer honor?"

The following Sunday Johnny went to the Mission School for the last time, and in such good clothes that Miss Lee hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows:

"I am going away to school to-morrow, and if I've got the learning stuff in me I can go to college; but, Miss Lee, if it hadn't been for you and God I should have been a offscouring all the days of my life."—*Christian Union.*

### AN AMERICAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

"I wish I was rich," exclaimed Agnes. "I suppose you wish to live in an elegant home, dress magnificently, receive and entertain elegantly," said Mary. "Not at all." "Perhaps your desires take a higher range," said Jenny. "You would like to have your home filled with beautiful paintings and other works of art, to indulge your taste for music, to have well stocked green-houses and conservatories?" Agnes shook her head. "I know," said Kate. "You would make that tour round the world you have been so anxious for, ever since you read Dr. Field's books." "Agnes loves to help the sick, the suffering and the poor," interrupted little Lucy. "She wants money for them." "Thank you, Lucy," said Agnes; "I own that I love the privileges and opportunities that money brings, but to me the dearest privilege, next to the luxury of doing good, is the independence it confers upon its possessor."

"Really!" exclaimed Kate. "I did not know that wealth was necessary for independence; I thought it was the birth-right of us

Americans, chartered and sealed by the Declaration of Independence." "By no means," returned Agnes. "In the very face of the Declaration, we have in this free country the very worst aristocracy in the world —that of money."

"Money," replied Kate, "cannot buy goodness, refinement, cultivation or any of the graces of the mind and heart." "I know that," said Agnes; "I am only speaking of the perfect independence it allows its possessors. If they live in an elegant home, dress in the latest fashion, &c.,—why, they display their taste. While on the contrary if they live and dress plainly, it is only a proof of their independence. In fine, they may confuse their tenses and double their negatives, may never have heard of Milton, and think Shakespeare to be the name of a new plant, possibly of a mineral, eat with their knives, dress in colors at war with each other—all is right, because they are rich. While we have to wear heavy suits in summer and take ourselves out to freeze in winter, because the claims of society require it of us."

"Here, Agnes, you are wrong," said Aunt Susan. "You may not be able, for the lack of wealth, to live always as you please, yet the privilege of dressing in comfort and with reference to the season is certainly yours."

"By no means, my dear good Aunt Susan. Now, let me explain. When I was visiting in the city last winter, my friend Julia Newbold sent me word that she had engaged a carriage to return some stylish calls upon their fashionable reception days; and as the obligation was mutual, she would call for me. On the appointed day, which was bitterly cold, I dressed myself in my black silk suit, over which I threw my cloth cloak, which every one says is so becoming to me; then I put on my felt bonnet, trimmed with velvet. When Julia came, I saw disappointment in her face. 'Am I not dressed suitably?' I enquired. 'Why, dear Agnes, it is not exactly the dress for carriage and reception calls. Why do you not put on that pretty mauve silk so becoming to you? and then you could wear a large India shawl and a set of ermine; or, if you have not the ermine, seal-skin might do.' And without waiting for my reply, Julia told me she would attend to a little commission of her own, and would be back in a few moments, leaving me just time enough to change my dress. So I arrayed myself in my mauve silk which, being intended to do double duty, is cut pompadour waist and elbow sleeves. As I had no large India shawl and neither ermine nor seal-skin, I was obliged to employ the best substitute, which was a stella with camel's-hair border. My concert hat is only a white lace frame, covered with pansies and mauve ribbon. A nice dress for the thermometer at six above zero! When Julia returned she smiled in approbation, and with a 'Now, you do look fit to be seen,' we took our places in the carriage. I do not know how I looked, but I never suffered so with the cold in my life; my ears tingled, the end of my turned-up nose was as red as my shawl, and my teeth chattered so it was impossible for me to hold any connected conversation. While calling on the fashionable Mrs. Grantley, that rich Quakeress, Mrs. Morris, was there in her drab suit. Above all, that great millionnaire, Mrs. Harding, came in her elegant coach. She was dressed in a cachemere dress, an ulster cloak, and a velvet hat; for she was rich and could afford to dress so. While speaking of the severity of the cold weather as well as my stiffened muscles would allow, Mrs. Morris, with grave irony in her Quaker dialect, said to me: 'Does thy dress keep thee warm?' while Mrs. Harding looked me through with her discriminating eyes and said in words of sympathy, in which were encased a decided sneer, 'Poor child.'

"When once more alone in the carriage with Julia, as I quoted Mrs. Harding as an example for comfortable and seasonable dress I was silenced by, 'Why, of course you cannot expect to imitate Mrs. Harding; she is rich and can do just as she pleases.'

"And then this summer when invited to that great fair and musicale at —— Park, I put on my pretty figured linen suit and gypsy hat, but I was stopped by, 'Agnes, that dress is not at all suitable; you will meet strangers, gay and fashionable people.' So I was obliged to put on my heavy new suit, all lined, and my dress bonnet—while with my parasol, and linen duster to wear on the cars and ferry, my hands and arms were too occupied to use my fan, though the heat was most oppressively hot. The mercury in the thermometer rose higher and higher, and to make matters worse, there was that rich Mrs. Walker (whose husband holds such a splendid position under Government as, in addition to his enormous salary, to have made a large fortune out of it) dressed in a linen duster with a large shade-hat over her face. Her excuse for her apparel was, that she could never bear to hold an umbrella or any other article in her hand when not in the carriage. So there she was in her shade hat and duster, the star of the occasion, every one seeming to feel honored by and grateful for her presence.

"Now I am through," said Agnes. "but one thing I wish understood—I do not envy Mesdames Grantley, Morris, Harding, Walker, & Co. the velvets and satins, the silks and laces, the diamonds and furs that their wealth brings, but the independence that allows them to wear ulsters and cachemere in winter, shade-hats and linen dusters in summer."

"My dear Agnes," said Aunt Susan, "I think you are entirely wrong. Why should not this independence be yours? Why should you, the daughter of a clergyman, a person of education and refinement, submit to a thraldom which you feel to be oppressive, even if you have not wealth? In neither case which you have quoted were you properly dressed, for the first principle of taste in dress is comfort. You went shivering in winter at the risk of ruining your health (for outraged nature always avenges herself), to call upon some persons of great wealth and position, and who probably, as your personal suffering must have been apparent to all, only criticised your folly. Why should you be almost overpowered by the heat and dust of summer, attired in a heavy silk, when Mrs. Walker could dress in such great comfort because, as you say, she was the possessor of a large fortune made (as she herself may see in the sharp criticisms of the daily press) in over-pay in the office of trust with which her husband has been invested by his fellow-citizens?

"As a nation we are almost servile imitators of the rich. Wealth has entirely too much power, and there is truth in your assertion that our moneyed aristocracy is the most tyrannical in the world. A few magnates lead the way and we follow on. We see too much with other men's eyes; we hear with their ears; we eat with their palates; we follow the fashion set by them in the choice of our churches.

"Now, my dear girls, be truly independent. Be contented with your lot in life and willing to appear just yourselves, endeavoring to fulfil all life's duties in that station in which it has pleased God to call you; and your lives will be both useful and happy.

"In ourselves maintaining, and regarding in others, the simple standing that God has given, there is a native dignity and a moral elevation which sets aside these false assumptions of pride and vanity, gives an influence over all with whom we are thrown, and enables us to fill with integrity and honor those earthly positions to which God has called us."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Susan," exclaimed Agnes. "I feel you are right. Now, for my part, I shall abide by the maxims of the Declaration of Independence and regard myself as 'free and equal;' and so, even if not rich, I feel as if I too can afford to dress plainly."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## THE CABMAN'S FAITH.

There are nine children in the family, the eldest of whom is dying in consumption; the father is a cab-driver, and, through many being away from London, has for some weeks been able to earn little more than sufficient to feed his horses, leaving scarcely anything for his poor wife and their nine children. They would actually have starved had not the promises, as of old, borne the pressure their faith put upon them. In the midst of this destitution, "at the very worst time," to use the mother's own words, but, as she triumphantly added, "to prove that man's extremity is God's opportunity," came early one Saturday morning, after a fruitless week, the tempting offer of a good cab fare on the morrow, amounting to 8s., provided he would work on the Lord's Day. The struggle in the father's mind was severe; he looked on the two hungry children gazing upon him from each knee. Satan for a time got the mastery. "Feed your children any day," the tempter exclaimed; "to refuse it is to cast away the bread of two days from your household." The struggle was great, and, in answer to his wife's enquiry as to what he should do, he exclaimed, "I don't know." But she knew where her great strength lay. The mighty God of Jacob could give relief, and she prayed for herself and husband. And that mighty heart that ever beats in unison with His children's wants sent down this answer: "Them that honor Me I will honor." That was enough for her. Her great Provider demanded simple faith, a childlike trust in His bare word of promise, and the pledge He gave was in that event success was certain. The husband returned at dinner-time. "Well, what have you decided to do?" asked the wife. "To abide by God's Word, and take all risks," said the husband. "Thank God," exclaimed the wife "my prayer is answered!" And so they rested, two faithful children of a promise-keeping God. A lady in the neighborhood, who had heard of the tempting offer, but had not heard of their decision, yet knowing the Christian character of the cabman in converse with a friend upon the subject, exclaimed, "He'll never do it;" and the blessed Spirit, who came to the poor mother on her knees, and gave that pledge of help in the text, "Them that honor Me I will honor," now came down into the heart of this other daughter of Heaven, and laid upon her this from the lips of the Saviour: "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The King's word was enough. She immediately commissioned the friend to go and visit the stricken home and see how matters went. This was Saturday afternoon. The father had again gone out, but the wife remained within. "How goes the matter?" asked the visitor. "Oh! we are determined not to accept it," exclaimed the godly woman. "We and the children will starve, if needs be; but we will not break God's commandment. He promises, 'Them that honor Me I will honor.'" "And He has honored you," rejoined the visitor; "what would the fare have been?" "Eight shillings," replied the wife, and drawing from his pocket the exact sum, he placed it on the table, returning home from that cottage with his own love to Christ inflamed by "the luxury of doing good." After a little while the husband came back. "God has been as good as His word," exclaimed the wife—'Them that honor Me I will honor'"—and she drew out the eight bright shillings, the reward of their fidelity to God—the pay without the labor, the food without the sin, the two days provided for, and provided for fifteen hours sooner than would have been the case had they yielded to the tempter.—*Fanny Jones, in Word and Work.*

## THIRTEEN WAYS OF BEING HAPPY.

Happy is the man whom God correcteth; for He maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Happy is the man that feareth alway.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

He that keepeth the law, happy is he.

If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.

Behold we count them happy which endure.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if you do them.—*Well-Spring.*

## A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

The following incident actually occurred:—

A father who openly denied the Christian religion, and was a professed infidel, observed his little son intently reading the Bible.

"What book are you reading?" he said sternly.

The boy looked up abstractedly and said, with eyes swimming in tears, "Father, they crucified Him!"

The professed unbeliever stood still. It was a word in season. God had spoken to him through the lips of his child. Ere long the scales fell from his eyes. His soul was prostrate at the foot of the Cross, seeking peace and pardon from the Saviour he had rejected.

And now he is among those who testify to the truth of Christ's religion—to his promise—

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*N. Y. Observer.*

## THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Shadows vanish with the light,
Brightness comes with dawning:
Sorrow lasteth but a night,
Joy comes in the morning.

Watch then, children of the day!
Clouds may gather thickly;
Heaven and earth must pass away:
Jesus cometh quickly.

—*Sunday.* S. L.

## Question Corner.—No. 6.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. What became of the ten spies who brought back an untrue report of the land of Canaan?
62. What punishment was sent to Korah, Dathan and Abiram when they rebelled against Moses and Aaron?
63. How many were consumed by fire at the same time for offering incense?
64. When these men were consumed the Israelites still murmured against Moses and Aaron, and further punishment was sent. What was the punishment, and how many died?
65. Why did the children of Israel murmur as they journeyed from Mount Hor, and how were they punished?
66. Which of the leaders of the Israelites had died shortly before this, and who was his successor?
67. What was the first miracle performed after the death of Moses?
68. What city was called the city of palm trees?
69. The hand of what king of Israel withered as he tried to injure a man of God?
70. What king of Judah was smitten with leprosy, and for what sin was he thus punished?
71. For how long a time was rain withheld from Israel during the reign of Ahab, and at the word of what prophet was it withheld
72. Whom did Elijah raise from the dead?

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

37. The brook Besor, 1 Sam. xxx. 10.
38. He was pursuing after the Amalekites who had burned Ziklag and carried away their families captive, 1 Sam. xxx. 1, 10.
39. By the brook Kishon, 1 Kings xviii. 40.
40. Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 3.
41. Cherith; it ran through the northern part of the tribe of Gad and emptied into the Jordan.
42. Ahab, 1 Kings xviii. 2.
43. Chebar, Ezekiel i. 1.
44. Damascus, Gen. xv. 2.
45. Bethlehem, 1 Sam. xvi. 1, 4.
46. Bethsaida, John i. 44.
47. Upon Chorazin, Matt. xi. 21.
48. Turning the water into wine, John ii. 19.

### ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Cain (Gen. 4 : 8); 2, Lot (Gen. 19 : 15 23); 3, Elect lady (2 John 1); 4, Abraham (Rom. 4 : 3); 5, Vashti (Esth. 1 : 12); 6, Elijah (2 Kings 2 : 11); 7, Uzza (1 Chron. 13 : 10); 8, Nabor (Gen. 11 : 26); 9, Thessalonians; 10, Obadiah (1 Kings 18: 3, 12); 11, Timothy (2 Tim. 2 : 15): 12, Hannah (1 Sam. 1 : 10, 13); 13, Endor (1 Sam, 28 : 5-9); 14, Laodiceans (Rev. 3 : 14, 20); 15, Obed-edom (2 Sam. 6 : 10, 11); 16, Ruth (Ruth 1 : 16); 17, David (1 Sam. 30 : 3, 4).—*Cleave unto the Lord* (Joshua 23 : 8; Acts 11 : 23).

### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 4.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Eliza Colhoun, 11 ac; Edward Phoenix, 9.

To No. 3.—Libbie Hawkins, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Sarah Fowley, 8 ac; Edward Phoenix, 7; H. A. Lunan, 5 ac; Deforest Leathers, 5 ac; Joseph Bell 5 ac.

The answer to question 18 in No. 2, should be Acts xvi. instead of Acts xii. and the words "of themselves" in the question should be left out.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Rev. W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-school Union.)*

### LESSON XIII.

MARCH 27.] [About 27 A.D.

### PREACHING THE KINGDOM.

Luke 9 : 1-6.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-6.

1. Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases.

2. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.

3. And he said unto them, Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece.

4. And whatsoever house ye enter into, there abide, and thence depart.

5. And whosoever will not receive you, when ye go out of that city, shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them.

6. And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He sent them to preach the kingdom of God—Luke 9 : 2.

**CENTRAL TRUTH**

Be a missionary for Christ.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Among the important events recorded since Jesus sat at meat in the house of Simon the Pharisee, are the charge of casting out devils by Beelzebub and Christ's teachings on blasphemy, Matt. 12 : 22-37, who are his near relatives, teaching in parables, Matt. 13, stilling the tempest, the healing of a demoniac in Gadara and destruction of the swine, raising the daughter of Jairus, restoring sight to two blind men, and casting out a dumb spirit.

NOTES.—HIS TWELVE, 1. Simon, Peter, Cephas; 2. Andrew (Peter and Andrew were sons of Jonas); 3. James; 4. John, the beloved (James and John were sons of Zebedee, and were also called Boanerges); 5. Philip; 6. Bartholomew, Nathanael; 7. Thomas, Didymus; 8. Matthew, Levi; 9. James the less (Matthew and James were sons of Alpheus); 10. Judas Lebbeus, Thaddeus; 11. Simon Zelotes, the Canaanite; 12. Judas Iscariot, the betrayer. For a more complete account of the calling and sending forth of the twelve, see Matthew 10th chap.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CALLED AND SENT. (II.) ORDERS RECEIVED. (III.) OBEDIENCE.

I. CALLED AND SENT.—(1-2.) THEN, when Jesus saw the multitudes, Matt. 9 : 35-38; CALLED, selected previously, 6 : 13; TWELVE, doubtless with reference to the twelve tribes of Israel; DISCIPLES, apostles; POWER, Jesus alone imparts power to do good; AUTHORITY, to command, subdue, overthrow; ALL DEVILS, nothing is able to separate the trusting Christian from the love of Christ, Rom. 8 : 35-39; PREACH, tell men of Jesus; KINGDOM OF GOD, Christ's spiritual reign; HEAL, both soul and body to be cared for.

II. ORDERS RECEIVED.—(3-5.) TAKE NOTHING, the laborer is worthy of his hire; STAVES, plural of staff, which according to Mark was allowed, Mark 6 : 8. "the true meaning is that he who had a staff might take it, but he who had not should not provide it."—Whedon. SCRIP, wallet for provisions; BREAD, on which Matthew is silent; MONEY, gold, silver, brass, Matt. 10 : 9; TWO COATS, in other words, follow the customs of the people; THERE ABIDE, wander not from house to house; NOT RECEIVE YOU, see Matt. 10 : 10; OFF . . . DUST, as a token of pollution; TESTIMONY, proof.

III. OBEDIENCE.—(6.) DEPARTED, willing obedience; WENT, were sent; TOWNS, in Galilee; PREACHING, teaching; GOSPEL, glad tidings of great joy; EVERYWHERE, wherever they went.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—How does this lesson teach: (1.) That Jesus calls us to service? (2.) That he cares for our bodies as well as our souls? (3.) That we are to trust Christ for all we need? 4.) That every true disciple is a representative of Christ?

### SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I.

APRIL 3.] [About 27 A. D.

### FOLLOWING JESUS.

Luke 9 : 51-62.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 57, 58.

51. And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem,

52. And sent messengers before his face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him.

53. And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem.

54. And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?

55. But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

56. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village.

57. And it came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

58. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

59. And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

60. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

61. And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

62. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God—LUKE 9 : 62.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

Christ is to be followed completely.

HISTORICAL CONNECTION.—With verse 51 begins a special section ending chapter 18 : 17. It introduces us to the last period of our Lord's ministry, covering six months. More especially, it contains the record of the last fourneying toward Jerusalem. This journey, referred to in verse 51, is in all probability the same as the one spoken of, John 7 : 10, to the feast of Tabernacles. The scene of this lesson is in northern Samaria.

NOTES.—SAMARITANS, the inhabitants of the central division of Palestine. They were a mixed race, some of their ancestors having been transferred to the country by Esar-haddon, Ezra 4 : 2. On the other hand the Samaritan woman refers, John 4 : 12, to Jacob as her ancestor. They worshiped on Mount Gerizim instead of at Jerusalem, and built a temple there, which was destroyed B.C. 109 by John Hyrcanus. They accepted the Pentateuch, and expected a Messiah who should be a Great Prophet, in accordance with Deut. 18 : 18. A bitter feeling of hatred existed between the Samaritans and Jews. ELIAS, the Greek form of Elijah, the Tishbite, one of the greatest of the prophets. He appeared as their representative on the Mount of Transfiguration. He was translated to heaven in a chariot of fire. BURY, the mode most common amongst the Jews was entombment. The tombs were natural caves or chambers hewn out of the rock. The first place of burial mentioned in the old Testament is the cave of Machpelah, Gen. 23 : 9. Contact with a corpse or a tomb rendered the party unclean for seven days, Numb. 19 : 11, etc. In order to prevent unconscious contamination, it was the custom in the time of our Lord to wash or paint the tombs white, Matt. 23 : 27. PLOUGH, the most ancient instrument of agriculture, Job 1 : 3, made in the earliest time entirely of wood. The plough used in the East is small and light compared with those in use amongst us. As oxen were employed in ploughing, 1 Kings 19 : 19, and the ground was simply scratched, and not deeply scarred as with us.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CHRIST REJECTED. (II.) REVENGE REBUKED. (III.) TRUE FOLLOWERS TESTED.

I. CHRIST REJECTED.—(51-53.) TIME WAS COME, when the days were being fulfilled." The last six months of our Lord's ministry were at this point; RECEIVED UP, at the ascension; STEADFASTLY SET, it was his fixed purpose; MESSENGERS, not Lord pursued the same course before the last passover, Matt. 26 : 18; VILLAGE, name unknown; MAKE READY, a lodging place; NOT RECEIVE HIM, the Samaritans expected the Messiah to manifest himself on Mount Gerizim.

II. REVENGE REBUKED.—(54-56.) JAMES AND JOHN, brothers, and sons of Zebedee. They had been called "sons of thunders," but it is not likely SAVE, as it was not Christ's object to destroy the law and the prophets but to fulfil, so it was not his object to destroy men's lives but to save them. His mission was to save the lost—sin destroys, Christ saves; WENT TO ANOTHER, Christ commanded disciples not to remain in a place where which would not receive them, Luke 10 : 10; Christ "knocks" at, but does not force himself into, hearts.

III. TRUE FOLLOWERS TESTED. —(57-62.) (Representatives of three classes of followers.) THE WAY, perhaps a road back into Galilee or that road further into Samaria; CERTAIN MAN, a scribe, Matt. 8 : 19; LAY HIS HEAD, our Lord refers here to the poverty and humility of his condition. His cautions the over hasty applicant, Christ to be his follower meant suffering and self-denial for "the disciple is not above his master"; FOLLOW ME, the second class.) Jesus commands him; BURY MY FATHER, he is willing to follow but asks for a little time, comp. Acts 2 : 25. The burial of his father would entail delay. Perhaps it was only an excuse. He wanted a little more of the world; THE DEAD, ETC., let those who are dead in "trespasses and sins" bury the spiritually dead. "We should love our earthly father but love our Creator more."—Augustine. All earthly things are to be given up for the PREACH, publish abroad; FIRST, the trouble with this man and the one before was that they did not "first seek the kingdom of God," Matt. 6 : 33.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—We should learn from this lesson: (1.) To return good for evil. Matt. 5 : 44. (2.) To look only to Christ as our example. Heb. 12 : 2. (3.) To forsake all things for him. Matt. 19 : 27. (4.) To give him our whole hearts. Prov. 23 : 26. (5.) To give ourselves to him at once. 2 Cor. 6 : 2. (6.) To follow him without question or reserve. John 21 : 22.

### STEPHENSON AND THE BIRD.

Everything that is truly great is most beautiful when it is gentle. Even a great mind is greatest then. It was a little bird—a robin, I think—that was the first to think that George Stephenson had a great mind. It was George Stephenson who found out the steam engine and taught people to make railways. If it had not been for George Stephenson we should have had to ride from town to town in coaches and carts pulled by horses instead of in trains pulled by steam. He was a great man this George Stephenson; he had a brave heart and a strong mind, and a robin found it out first when he was still a rough-looking poor boy eating his dinner, sitting on a heap of cinders in the engine-house of a coal pit. It used to come and take dinner with him; it hopped close to his feet, then on to his knee, and looking saucily up into his begrimed face it said, "I know you would not hurt a little bird like me," and the big rough George Stephenson did not hurt it; he had too strong a mind and too great a heart for that. He fed it, and talked to it, and was proud and glad that it believed in him. And many years afterward, when the boy had become a man, and the world had found out, what the robin knew before, that he had a great mind and a brave heart, he did not forget to be gentle. Let me tell you how I know this. One day he shut a window in one of the upper rooms of his house. It had been left open a long time, because of the great heat, but as the weather had grown cooler, it was closed. Little did this good man know what he was doing. A day or two after, to his great sorrow, he found out, for then he chanced to observe a bird flying against the same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. He at once went upstairs and opened the window that he might see what this strange conduct meant. The window opened, the bird at once flew to one particular spot in the room, and there, Stephenson saw, was a bird's nest. At the sight of the nest the poor bird fell to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead. There sat the mother-bird, and under it four tiny little young ones all dead. Stephenson cried. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, with the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its mouth, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain, the little thing died, and the great man was sad for many a day. He was known and praised by all civilized people; his mind had changed the face of the world; yet he cried at the sight of this little dead family, and most of all because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of its death. He was a great man, for he was powerful, and had a tender, gentle heart.—*Sunday Magazine.*

### A BALKY HORSE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We got safely out of the home avenue, and into the road, when suddenly the horse stops, and no persuasion of word, insistance of whip, or derision of the passing natives, can move him. Nunanu Avenue rises just here, and the creature knows it. Mount it he will not. He is willing to turn and go in the easy direction; but that we do not wish. It is a contest of obstinacy, and I propose to fight it out. In other words: I get my book and a lunch, and sit in the carriage enjoying them, while the horse stands there. I have the better of him. I can eat, and he cannot. I can read just as comfortably in the carriage as in the house. I propose to starve the creature into submission. But after an hour or two of ineffectual waiting, finding that the calls would not be made in that way, and knowing that they must be made forthwith, I was led to take another and more pliable horse, and go the rounds with him. Pahakuni, or the Big Stone, was not speedy but he did not balk. We afterward learned that the new horse had been harnessed with a checkrein, a restraint he was not used to, and that that was the cause of all his obstinacy. Alas, how many of us are provoked to the same vice by over-restraint! I am sure I have seen children who balked at their elders' commands who only needed a little loosening of the check-rein to make them tractable.—*From Alhoa, by Rev. G. L. Chaney.*

### SELF-WINDING CLOCKS.

A clockmaker of Copenhagen, named Louis Soenderberg, who for some time past has had charge of that city's electric timekeepers, has just invented an ingenious appliance which obviates the necessity of winding up the regulator, from which the clocks in question "take their time." By a mechanical contrivance which periodically cuts off the stream of electric fluid emanating from the battery, and brings an electro magnet to bear upon the relaxed mainspring in such a way as to renew its tension instantaneously, perpetual motion is practically imparted to the works of the regulator—that is to say, so long as the batteries connected with it are kept properly supplied with acids. The discoverer of this important improvement has satisfied himself, by six months' successful experiments in his own workshop, that his system works faultlessly, and has applied for permission to adapt it to the electric clocks set up by the municipality in different parts of the Danish capital.—*London Telegraph.*

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